

the preacher was preaching and saying awful things about the wrath of God. How often I found myself wishing that God was like Jesus!

One day I said so to the quiet lady, and she said:

“Why, my boy, Jesus is the same as God.”

“No, ma’am,” I said; “He can’t be; for Jesus loves everybody and God is angry with the wicked every day.”

I liked pretty love stories, but I always hated to hear “hate” stories. It would make me unhappy for a whole day to hear about hating or fighting. That was one reason why I did not like God. When I went to church they would often sing something about teaching our fingers to fight, and the preacher would talk about the God of battles and tell us that God wanted us to be good soldiers and to fight the good fight of faith. I could not understand why God wanted to have another war.

By and by mammy died. Such a strange feeling I had when they told me she had gone up to heaven! It was as if she had led me to a strange house as night was coming on, and without kissing me or saying a word had suddenly vanished through the door and left me standing alone. And the door had slammed behind her and I could see that it was locked and that the key was gone and that it would never be opened again. For many weeks after that I would go out to the front porch every evening at sunset and sit on the steps and watch for mammy in the sky. Sometimes I